

## Contributions.

### "THE HEART KNOWETH ITS OWN BITTERNESS."

BY HENRY T. GRAY.

The heart its bitterness alone  
In silence deep doth know,  
And, bowed beneath its heavy load,  
Oppressed through life must go,  
If only to itself it looks  
And seeks its aid within,  
Alas! 'tis there it finds no balm,  
The seat of inbred sin.

Bowed 'neath the load it drooping goes  
Along life's weary way;  
No starlit nights to cheer the path,  
The sun shines not by day.  
All brightness hidden by the clouds,  
Full heavy grows the heart  
That seeks redemption from within,  
Whence comes the keenest smart.

But let that heart but upward glance  
To him who guides our life,  
Then eased is every fearful pain,  
And strength for all the strife  
Is given to the weakest soul,  
No matter what the load;  
The heaviest burden's cast away  
By that one look to God.

We only need to look and live  
As Israel did of old,  
When stricken by the serpent's sting  
As in His word we're told.  
He will then to our waiting souls  
Give us that heavenly grace  
Which drives all bitterness away,  
Nor leaves of it a trace.

—Reformed Church Messenger.

### HISTORY GOD'S CHARIOT.

C. F. YODER.

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"The wheels of history are but the chariot wheels of the Almighty."—Life is a labyrinth that is symmetrical as a whole, though to the aimless wanderer seeing only a part, it seems to be endless confusion. Men and nations appear before him like bubbles on the current and are then lost in the great stream of time which flows round the circle of eternity. But with a higher view the chaos disappears and he meets with the revelation that "Order is heaven's first law" and as the scientist groups and classifies so does the historian. He observes that the "course of human events" moves in definite lines, while through the maze appears the outlines of plans extending throughout the ages so that as Josiah Strong has said, "The wheels of history are but the chariot wheels of the Almighty," for in heaven above, in the earth beneath and in the record behind is written the law of universal and

eternal progress. Review with me then rapidly if you please, a few foot prints of the Almighty in his world leading toward this great end. First, behold the hand of discipline as wielded in the past and observe that in all the history of nations no crime has ever gone unpunished or good deed unrewarded, since first the flood destroyed a sinful race until in this our own day and land a million men laid down their lives to wash away the crime of slavery, since first the promise of a great nation was made to faithful Abraham until the structure of our own proud republic has been reared upon the foundations of equity, justice and trust in God. The ruins of Egypt, of Babylon and Nineveh speak eloquently of the God of nations. Greece, proud Greece adds her mute witness that vice is its own Nemesis of vengeance. O! Rome, when didst thou grow great? Lo, I see thy sons driving the plow of peace, thy vestal virgins pure, thy reverence unalloyed. So didst thou grow mighty. O! Rome, when didst thou fall? Lo, I see thy sons in temples of vice, thy daughters prostrate at the altars of Venus, all manhood gone, all virtue lost. O, Rome, now art thou doomed. Or ever the Goth turns step toward thee, or the vandal heaps high thy spoil, by decree of Him who is mightier than Jupiter thou art doomed! Like the snow flood in springtime, like the thunder storm in summer, pestilence and war do somehow purify the moral atmosphere and lead men to their knees from whence they rise to nobler lives. One hundred years ago two republics began their careers. The French Revolutionists raised the cry of "Down with God," and their career was one of bloodshed and shame. The American patriots on the other hand inscribed on their dollar "In God we trust," and their republic stands today, the wonder and pride of the age.

Observe again that in all the past, great inventions have been made just as the world has been ready for them and great events have taken place just as the age has demanded them, and ever as the race has developed, new possibilities have unfolded before it and the wheels of progress have moved onward. Four thousand years ago man clothed himself in the skins of beasts,

he made his implements of stone and lived a nomad's life. Two thousand years ago he fought his battles with the sword and tilled his ground with the rudest of tools. Today the powers of earth and sea and sky are made his servants and the lightnings of heaven run to do his will. Four thousand years ago all strangers were enemies and no word for morals was known. Two thousand years ago the words foreigner and barbarian were synonymous while the whole of duty was bound up in the state. Today the great thought of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man has permeated every land and the world is bound together by ties that are stronger than rails and wire. Dr. Hitchcock says, "History moves, not in a straight line for there is no progress in that, not in a circle for there is no progress in that. Its movement is rather that of a spiral, still returning yet advancing, ever onward ever upward." You say like conditions produce like results, therefore history repeats itself. Be it so. God is unchangeable and His thoughts are laws or else were the past no lamp for the present but as history divides itself into epochs while through the whole fabric is woven the golden web of evolution, through which stream the light of divine intelligence as truly as yon lightning bolts in their courses write the name of the great I Am across the vault of heaven, we learn wisdom from the experience of the past and reason within ourselves that these things are not the result of chance. Yon glorious orb has rolled across the sky and sunk into the crimson western sea for untold ages past and the great pendulums of eternity in all that time have never lost a stroke. There is "a divinity which shapes our ends, rough hew them as we may." Call it fate, call it nature, call it law, but it is God. As flows the river of life from out the throne of the King Eternal so flows his power around the world. Let Atheism say there is no God, and write above its cemeteries, death is an eternal sleep, but underneath the vain ambitions of men this mighty current flows majestic on and will flow on until it surges amid the billows of eternity which roll forever more, and could we span the chasm of a thousand cycles hence, what heights